so use ever trying to get ennything the Saloen vote is against."

"By Henry!" paw says, "I never the of that." GEORGIE.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSON.

February 11, 1900. John III, 1-18.

Jesus and Nicodemus,

The visit of Nicodemus to Jesus ought to be viewed in the light of

events then transpiring. This ruler of

the Jews has been severely criticised

for the clandestine character of his

visit. He has been characterised as con-atitutionally timid (Westcott), as hav-

ing softness of constitution (Olahausen)

and even as a despicable time-server

(Bichhorn). But it should be remem-bered that the ever-widening breach be-

ween the officials of the Hebrew church

and the reforming rabbl had already

begun. As a class, they were his pro-neunced enemies. Nicodemus rose su-

perior to the intense prejudice of his

ing the offending Teacher, and inquir-

ing into his doctrine. The wonder is

not that he came by night, but that he

came at all. Considering the persasity

heart of a ruler of the Jews-the action of this master in Israel is admirable

opening of his ministry by a series of

miracles wrought in Jerusalem and at the feast-time. Most conspicuous hour

and place! Nicedemus was one of many upon whom these signs, had had their

designed effect. He refers at once in his first polite address to the miracles as sufficient seals to the supernatural

origin of Jesus' mission. . . . Jesus knew "what was in" his visitor, his ex-

act status. Here was a man superior to his class, but not wholly free from

brew mind. They considered all prose

lytes to their faith as having been bor

again. What nonplussed Nicodemus was

to be told that he could only come into

the kingdom of God as the proselyte came into the Hebrew Church. He con-

sidered himself a charter member o

that kingdom: Now, to find that it was

not a question of a higher or a lower sent at the table, but of any seat at all

that was what dumbfounded him

Pharisee and ruler, and yet to be shu

pravity, but the Spirit can beget the

piritual. Se the great need of human

ity is to be 'Spirit-born.' This only is

This Spirit-birth is incomprehensible

But this is no insuperable objection to it; for there are a good many "earthly

things" that cannot be understood. The

ture-who knows it exhaustively? But

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EXPENSION LL

They are so much like COATED ELEUTRICITY as science was make them. Each one produces as much arve-beifuing substances as it contained in the amount of food a man consumes in a week. This is why they have cured thousands of cases of servous diseases, such as Debi-lity, Distiness, Issommia, variencele, etc. They enable yout chink oberly by developing brain matter; force healthy circulation, cure indigentian, and impart bounding vigor to the whole system, All weakwaing and tissue-destroving drains and leases permissionly sured. Delay may meas immally, Consumption and Death.

Price, \$10 per box; six bares (with tron-Claig quarantee to cure or a few disasters); T. Book containing positive proof, free, Address was highest to charles of a containing the seating account.

For Sale by Charles R. Geotse, Druggis

the way into the kingdom of God."

invisible, imponderable breath

gives its audible token?

of the human heart-especially

"Saye you kindly, Keenan of Lisma-us. Drive on, and drive fast now." Mechanically the farmer obeyed, shortnay, and will you give me a ride to Cork?"

"And me, Martin?"

away even the courtesy that cost him

"And who's to pay my trouble, then and the mare's?" said he: He drew up his cart with a creak and a jerk, and he looked hard at the two girls who had

him for a lift? he wondered. Strangers to him both they were, but soft voiced, and very fair to see, and Martin Keenan looked at them long.

The fushion of their clothes was different, and even so was the color of their hair, but themselves were as like as two sisters. The fair girl's gown was of red color and rich stuff, and the hood on her shining hair was of quilted silk, but the dark haired girl went bare foot in a gown of ragged green, the red shawl cash over her head faded and But it was to her of the bare feet

that Martin Keenan spoke first: Wanting a ride down the Cork road

are you? And you knowing my name dhu?" But up with ye first, and answer after, for it's tired ye look."

"Tired indeed I am this hot day, and footsore, too," said the dark girl, Birowing back her shawl from a face that was us pale us a bramble flower. "And I thank you kindly for the lift but it's empty handed, too, I am, and I cannot pay you for it."

"Get up, empty handed or full handed," grunted the farmer, "and no more words about it, colleen dhu!" Then he turned to the fair girl, speaking un graciously, "Come up with you, then, if you're after wanting a ride in earnest, and will pay for it, colleen dhas, for it's a beggar on the high road I'd be if I gaye two free tides in a day,"

Oh, I will pay you for it, man, never Gar. I am like you, for I also do noth ing for nothing," she said, smiling. "And like you, Martin Keenan, it's bitter and ugly and ill too cross I am, but kind am I to them that help me on the road. And like the wandering dust 1 am, and like the wind, since far have ! gone, and I've further yet to go."

He helped her into the cart sulkly

enough, though even his eyes could not help but make open confession of her

Eit fast then, and draw close the hood over the face of ye, for there's a power of dust on the road to-day, and ft up like a gossip into our faces. And better would you have done to walt for the car, colleen dhas."

"I like better still to ride to Cork with you, friend," said she of the fair hair, composedly. "I wonder, now, how many angry men have ridden hot foot down this same roud to meet their sons fore you, Martin Keenan?"

"I'never told it." Keenan gaid, his farid face grown gray, finto the eat of living soul that my crary had had mar-fied that Madam Fine-airs of a Graces Roshe; nor yet that I and the mare were bound for Cork to-day," Then, edging nervously away from her, "And know what I've never spoken?"

'Ah, what are we now, 'I wonder?' said the fair girl, openly laughing.

"Hut," said the dark girl, leaning for-ward and whispering, "I know a thing, too, that you never let on to any onet kept company, Martin Keenan. mow that your wife Mary, learned that you loved your money better than that she did not slip, gathering dulse on the Bull Rocks out youder, but that it was her own good will she went to drown in the sea that drowned her

"Drive on and trust our tongues to keep pace with you," said the fair girl.

Foul Smelling Catarrh.

Catarrh is one of the most obstinate diseases, and hence the most difficult to get rid of.

The disease is in the blood and all the sprikys, washes and inhaling mixtures in the world can have no permanent effect whatever upon it. Swift's Specific cures Catarrh permanently, for it is the only reenedy which can reach the disease and force it from the blood.

My B. P. Meallister, of Sarroddbarr, Ky.

Mr. R. P. Mcallister, of Harrodsburg, Ky.

My. B. F. McAllister, of Marrodsburg, Ky., writes:

I would see no improvement whatever, though I was constantly treated, with sprays and washes, and different leading from a cite-to-in that the year previous.

Finally it was brought to my notice that Charrie was a Mood discuse, and after that Charrie was a Mood discuse, and after thinking over the matter, I saw it was unreasonable to expect to be carefully renaded to bry R. E. B. S. and after a feetile only reached to be reasonable to expect to be complete sure was the result. I advise all who knee this dream, was the discuss to shandon made feed treatment, which as never done them may good, and take S. B., a remedy that has seach the discuss and sure!

To continue the wrong treatment for

then any good, and there is a similar to the disease and sured."

To continue the wrong treatment for Oktarrh is to continue to suffer. Swift's Specific as a real blood remedy, and cures obstinate, deep-seated diseases which other remedies have no effect whatever, two modify reaches Catarrh, upos. It promptly reaches Catarrh, and never falls to cure even the most aggravated cases.

S.S.S. The Blood

is Purely Vegetable, and is the only blood remedy guaranteed to contain no dangerous minerals. Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

Nora Hopper in Black and White: | sharply. "Drive on while you hark to ened the reins and drove on, every

nerve of him listening.
"I know, Martin Reenan," said the "Strong" farmer as he was, Martin
"Strong" farmer as he was, Martin
Kesnan was none too ready to give
son learned in a black and bitter school,
and how there was never a kindly weicome for him to his own father's

"I know," murmured the fair girl "the home he took Gracey Roche to and the home he took her from. And I know, too, what man's shadow keeps the door of Gracey Keenan's small apped him by the wayside a mile and heart to-day, and his name is not Maubit from Lismanay. Would they pay rice; though he only gave her shame and Maurice gave her a ring."

"And I know," said the dark girl, sighing and smiling, "that he knows she does not love him; but nevertheless he loves her greatly all the same. And I know that these nine wedded months have been dearer to him than the sixteen years that he spent in his father's

"You have his letter carried this minute in your breast, Martin Keenan," said the fair girl, leaning nearer to him. "And he does not write to you in orrow. Let hunger break his pride a little smaller!

"Why should he be broken who has done no ill?" said the dark girl. he did a bit of God's work and lifted up a woman from the mud-one h knew when she was a slip of a child and as clean of heart as the canna is clean of color. Now he and the woma save loved greatly, have lived poorly and lain hardly these many month and held together closely; and because her trouble is near at hand he has written to you. Martin Keenan, there are so many mouths you have left unfed; feed these two who are flesh of your flesh and bone of your bone."

"Let them starve; why not?" the fair girl whispered in his ear. "Mary, his mother, died of a starved heart-why wouldn't he die, too?" His will be but one mouth the Tewer to keep and feed! And you'll spend your old age putting coin on coin, gold and copper with ai ver; and when you die the house will get no tenant, but your ghost will haunt empty Lismanay, and you'll watch your money still, Martin Kee-

Let Mary be-you of the bitte tongue!" Keenan said gruffly. "She's dead ten years back, and to-day the quarrel lies between me and her son.

"The quarrel will die to-day, my sis-ter Shella," the dark girl said. The fair girl broke into a scream of laughter that put the terror into Martin Kee-

Will it, Kathleen?" she cried. "Wil it now? I think the quarret will live, Murtin; but I know Maurice Keenan will die to-night.

The same fore-knowledge came suddenly to Maurice Keenan himself where he and his wife sat hungry and cold in their sky-parlor, looking down on a by street in the city of Cork. - He might not see the heavy sorrow in his his own trouble of human love and fear to touch his wife's hand and to smile into the delicate, peevish face that tooped over her fine stitching.

"I'll go out the morn's morning," the husband said restlessly, "and see if Mr. Donnell has any work that I can do. It's better i'll be the good to-morrow if the sun shines, maybe.

"Never anny more," Gracey answered day agra, and what will I do my lone

Don't talk so, my girlee; it hurts,

You were too good for him, Gracey, and soon would he have grown tired, and you would have gone hungry to the pity of the streets, mayourneen!"

"And are we not starving here?"
Gracey cried. "Oh, yes, there's a roor above us, sure there is, and a brave roof, too." Oh, I wisht-my grief! I wisht you'd let me drown myself that night, Maurice. It wasn't kindly done to stop me—no, and it wasn't wisht to grace the control of the streets wasn't wisht to grace the control of the control of the streets of the streets are not pity of the streets, mayourneen!"

"And are we not starving here?"
Gracey cried. "Oh, yes, there's a roor above us, sure there is, and a brave roof, too." Oh, I wisht-my grief! I woman nor fair; but far away up the darkening hillslopes and through their wet ferms quested a black hound and a white wet ferms quested a black hound and a "born of water and the Spirit." And further: "Dengative as a street of the silicat positive and the spirit." And further: "Dengative as a street of the silicat positive and the spirit." And further: "Dengative as a street in its rate to the slillest positive as the first time judge between you, Sheila' this, master in Israel to the slillest positive as the rejoinder. He seeks to parry the through the wast in its and gain time by taking literally what he knew to be a figure of speech. His questions fairly die upon his lips.

"Here is a lovely example of the gentlement of speech. His questions fairly die upon his lips.

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"Here is a lovely example of the gentlement of speech. His questions fairly die upo night, Maurice. It wasn't kindly done to stop me—no, and it wasn't wise! For anting me, you'd be in your own hom

than the days at home," said Maurice Keenan, slowly crossing the room to the one small window and looking down on the loud street below. "Many's the the sharpest struggle now to me is the knowing that my girler's hungry, too." orn young face, and she laid her head

r husband's arm with a sob. Oh, it's the bitter woman I am!" she sid. "and you putting the food from

our own hungry mouth into mine. It dsn't my heart spoke so, but the hun-"Ah, Gracey ogs machree, sure, and here are two hungers; and the worst

Gracey sighed impatiently; she was not of the stuffs whereof saints and

nartyre are made, and she looked down tolk going and coming in the street.

"Who was fluit in the street below hat fins lady with her yellow hair and n the grand silk hood? Sure, and ye axw ber, Maurice, for she looked up sere at you? And" (jealously) "what's the to you that you'd look so strange it one another? Do ye know her

I know, Gracey? Her husband's hands there heavily. "Help me, mayourneen, "What is it, avick?"

"I'm struck with death, I'm think-ng-and I'd rather die standing up, but

my?"
"Yer, father." Maurice half whispered, keeping his face half hidden from sight on his wife's heaving breast.
"God fogive me for it!" his father said, hoursely. "but there's time far me to make it up yet to you-and dirace, here-and the child that's coming. And ye'll have good dectoring, Maurice, agra, and ye'll see your child yet, plass God Gracey tell him we want him back at Lismanay."

lismanay."

"Oh, his mother wants him most."

"Oh, his mother wants him most."

Oracey sobbed, as Maurice's head grew heavier on her bosem. "Oh, my grief! and she has him now. Oh. Maurice, agra, and why wouldn't you take me. The world's so cowld a place.

'Hush, hush, now! Grace, my good "And why should I hush?" Grave,
"And why should I hush?" Grave,
walled, "and my heart breaking in two
with the weight that he's put of, my
man lying here?"
"For God's sake, love, don't cry so,"

"For God's sake, love, don't cry so," and Martin Keenan. "Sure I'll take up the wright myself Gracey, and you shall never more carry any more forces. Maurice, agra, do you hear?"

Maybe he did, for the smile sh the lend face was so satisfied and tender lend face was so satisfied and tender.

"What use was it for you to strive so hard with me for him, my sister?" the fair girl said to the dark girl, as they stood among the black berry bushes, waiching Martin and Gracey, driv slowly, home to Lismainay. "What use? For the yellow-haired hop sleed, and the man's heart is black still, Kathleen." "Black with sorrow, Shelia, but not black with sin." "And he will count up his gold again; I say the dom upon him." answered the fair girl, frowning heavily in the shadow of her hood.
"But I lay it upon him, sister, that he shall spend it, too."
"I say it upon the child unborn to be as woman souled as his father Maurice, and to die heart hungry, as he died," cried the fair girl, angrily.
"I lay the rame fret upon him, colleen dias," said the dark girl, with smilling lips and eyes shining none the less for tears: "but as a blessing sure, and not as a curse."

"But I-lay it upon him to live hungry as well as die hungry," said the fair

girl "I lay the same fret upon him," said the dark girl, smiling still, "for the satisfied soul is a rotten kernel in a fair husk, and therefore shall the child suffer hunger and thirst, and shall not be sufficed by the fruits of Tir na a Og and the mead of Fiath-Innis: but he shall fred the hunger and queden the thirst of other mouths than his."

"He shall not be the better for any woman's love, Kathleen, however long he lives.

he lives.
"Not the worse for any man's hate,"
Shella O'Gara."
"Nevertheless here and there a man
shall hate him, Kathleen. And sere
and there a woman shall love him, but ot the one woman that shall be his

nose sorrows," said the dark girl, "but have power to promise him comfort it the love of the Gentile people, our indred. And I promise him, too, that force he dies he shall see Gentile people major, and he shall see you, Shells, my ister, and love you, for your beauty's atte."

But I shall not love him, Kathleen," out with heathen 'degs'-it was incon

GEORGIE'S PA

Discusses the Microbe Theory With Very Poor Results. Chicago Times - Herald: Maw was noten at the paper the other nite after

she got Paw to Hold the Baby for a little while, and every few minutes he day at Lismanay I went hungry, and | Would haft to fix it all over again becoz its feat would come out, and britty soon she says:

"What's all this about microbes? A purson can't take up a paper Enny more but what they find sumthin about mi-

Here, hold this Child," paw says, like f he was pritty glad of the chance, "and Microbes is one of the I'll fell you. new Discoveries They have Microbes for neerly everything now. They are yellow-fever microbes and meesle migirles, I know this of myself, for I've Mump microbes and means and Mump microbes. They say a pursuits othing but a lot of diffrunt kind of microbes that keep deciaring war against one another like peopul, and the some that do the Best fighting and have the most Men on their Side make a man what he happens to Be. If he had a Fever it knows his Fever microbes have the largest population in him, and if he wants to go out and shoot it Shows the wants to go out and another wants to go out and another than the other microbes are Flocking thrulks Sixtum and making the other microbes get Behind kopies and things. "I don't beleave." maw sed, "that they are enny truth in such a Theory."

"That only shows you don't know entry that only shows you don't know entry the state of the control of the co

"That only shows you don't know ennything about syntne," hav told her.
If you would keep posted like I do you
wouldn't sit there with a Disgusted look
on your fats and Say You didn't beleave
what the people that Discover Things
are Doing to make men Happy."
"I don't see how It'll make a men
happy to Find sut he is nothing but a
crowd of microbes that mebby have him
divided un into Counties and Biffing

ing—and I'd rather die standing up, but divised up into Counties and Siging you wouldn't be able to do with me afterward: I'd be too heavy for you. Eetter nelp me tisk to bed, General Markers for a path, may sed and his Whiskers for a path, may sed and his Whiskers for a path, may sed and his Whiskers for a path, may see any dens. Thank ye, my colleen."

He took his arm from Gracey's shouldermand dropped dawn upon the bed, formed in the arm to see these things. As fast as every different kind at microbe is discovered syunce goes to Work to find out.

the imperative necessity, the incalcul-able advantage of "His lifting up," nor its similitude to the lifting up of the serpent by Mosei. They stop the atonement in Christ. They lose all. They are like that Saxon peasant-bo Zeller tells of, who, on being asked ! replied. "O yas!" "What, then?" he was a good teacher of the people Bless me! This world has had teacher

effort which, by the utmost striving, w can not produce upon ourselves. It is a gift. . . . Sum and substance of the

not His cross. They understand no

enough. What it wanted was a Sa

vior! . . . Be born again. That is the first sentence of the Divine catechism (Stier). The very term is, in it self, enough to inspire hope. It is an

Christian religion is a principle of life in the human soul. It is not doctrin but life (Ebal). As Luther paraphrases it: "My doctrine is not of doing or leaving undone, but of being and be coming; so that it is not a new worl to be done, but just the being new created." Or again with Draseke The kingdom of God is nothing into which a man can think or study or read

If a person is ill and needs a medicine is u ent wise to get one that has stood the test of time and has hundreds of thousands of ourse to its credit? A great many wumen who are Al try every. thing they hear of in the way of medicino, and this experimenting with unknown drugs is a

constant menace to their aiready impaired This is very unwise, for there are remedies which are no experi-

Take for instance,

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For thirty years its record has been one unbroken chain of success. No medicine for female life the world has ever known has such a record for cures.

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We have thousands like the relieve the state of the state

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monthly periods confining me to my
bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, toencluded
to try it. I began to pick up after
taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel
like a different woman. I can recommend Lydis E. Piskham's Vogetable
Compound in highest terms to all sick
women."—Miss Rosa Helden, 126
W. Cleveland Ave., Ganten, O. ney, Womb and Bladder Trouble Oured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. "DEAR FRIEND - Two years ago I

had child-bed fever and womb trouble in its worst form. For eight months after birth of babe I was not able to sit

Another Gase of Kld- A Letter Which Proves That Lydia E. Pinkhamia Vogetable Compound Will Remove Tumor and Oure Other Wealmens.

"Two years ago I was a great sub flowing each month, and tomors would form in the womb. I had four tunon in two years. I went through treat-

after birth of bake I was not able to sit up. Doctors treated me, but with no help. I had bearing down pains, bursing in stomach, kidney and bladder trouble, and my back was so stiff and sore. The right every was badly affected and everything I at a distressed me, and there was a bad discharge.

"I was confined to my bed when I wrute to you for advice and followed your directions faithfully, taking Lydin E. Pinkham's Vegretable Compound Liver Pills, and using the Wash, and am now able to do the most of my homsework. I believe I should have died if it had not been for your Compound. I hope this letter may be the result of benefiting some other suffering woman. I recommended your Compound to every sone."—Mrs. Mary Vaughan, Trimbie, Pulaski Co., Ky.

man can only experience his way into electricity to locomotion. He was tech- while his elderly interlocutor sank back the kingdom of God." . If we only availed ourselves of what we understood, we could not live a day longer in this world. I heard a college professor, at an amateur club, expounding the principles of the application of to put the equation on the board again.

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(· 486 NH:· ·

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xactly meet when drawn again around second pint of the finger. Lay one end on this diagram t the 0, and order the number the other end

Art Picture, " Easter

Flower Picture.



the-Valley, Siss, 11 x 24 the "The Danging Lesson."



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